

The Reformation:

S A T Y R E.

Indulge veniam pueris.

Juv.

L E T Rakes for ever rail at Rules,
And Beaus be obstinately Fools;

Let Ladies, who admire *Quadrille*,

Pursue the dear diversion still,

And *H—d, born to give us pain,

Write on, in lamentable strain!

L E T Prudes Hypocrisy profess,

Coquets, indecency and dress;

Old-maids, with jealous fury stung,

Exhaust their malice on the young,

And think each stripling at eighteen

In love with wrinkles and the spleen.

See this gentleman's works, publish'd with his name, and dedicated to
The Right Honourable the Lord G—, &c. Such were the *Liberty*
of *Epistola Dignit*, ridiculed by *Horace*, *Epist. 1. 6.*

L E T

May 7, 1912.

Gift of
Charles Jackson
of Boston

LET Aldermen incessant quaff
The social bumper, pen and laugh;
At feasts preside, in Senates sit,
And be the Delegates of wit.

LET *Pacius*, a dunce by * trade,
In blunders even rival † *W——de*;
To *S——t* oppose his brainless skull,
And be § *magnanimously* dull!

LET *S——n*, with her faintly eyes,
Be still a *Demon* in disguise;
Nor Time nor Fortune make a change
Upon her booby-brother || *G——e*;
Long let him live supinely great
In dirty linnen, and conceit!

LET fools in ev'ry station run
The race, they blindly have begun;
And deaf to reason, ne'er so strong,
Continue resolutely wrong:

* *Scilicet*, a Country-justice. † A fellow-magistrate, who, upon changing
his name, by his accession to a large fortune, is said to have composed the
following Epigram on himself—

*Fortune, who changes ev'ry lot,
Shall never make a change in Clot;
For tho' he must renounce his name,
His nature still shall be the same.*

§ A *scout* much in vogue with our Country-justice; not to mention his fa-
vourite phrase of a *magnanimous* paper. ¶ A Cock (comical Ruffie) in the coun-
ty. *Wicklow*, eminent for his affluence, laziness, and stupidity; tho' I know
not how, mistaken by *W——y* and some old women in that country for
a Wit.

Mine be the wiser choice to mend,
 When told my failings by a friend,
 Reprov'd by lips like * thine, reclaim
 The conduct, which you kindly blame;
 Thro' life a purer path pursue,
 Think virtue safe—and follow you.
 Thus at the awful noon of night,
 When not a Star unveils its light;
 Joyless the lonely stranger strays,
 And trembling treads the gloomy maze!
 Sudden the Moon ascends the skies,
 Wide ope the vales, the mountains rise,
 Onward he fares, his way descri'd,
 And blesses his celestial guide.

THERE was a time, the mindless Muse
 Her benefactors could abuse!
 A pedant praise, a dunce commend,
 And write a libel on a friend!
 Not Misses, at their morning tea,
 Talk'd more—and yet had less to say!
 Nor *Balte*, railing at the Dean,
 Was half so impotent and vain!
 'Till vanquish'd by your just rebuke,
 She chang'd her style, her faults forsook;

* A certain Lady, eminent for virtue: Not of the *Quadrants* Family.

From your enchanting tongue grew wile,
And stood the convert of your eyes!

THUS Paul (who dard with furious zeal,
The sons of holiness assail,
With all his irreligious might,
Suppress'd the Ministers of light)
At length a voice from Heav'n receiv'd,
Repented, trembled, and believ'd!

RASH youth! to what unnumber'd woes
Dost thou our ruder years expose?
Conducted by thy giddy will,
How strong our tendency to ill!
On what disasters are we run?
How inadvertently undone!
One thoughtless act by thee betray'd,
May o'er thy virtues cast a shade,
Extinguish all thy brighter rays,
And gloom the glory of thy days!
Few now, in these relentless times,
Will give indulgence to thy crimes,
But some will censure most in you
The vices, which themselves pursue;
Back all thy youthful follies scan,
And for the boy, arraign the man!
Ev'n I (who blush for errors past,
Whose Reformation comes at last)
May for my faults forgiveness claim,
Yet censure others for the same.

From

F I N I S